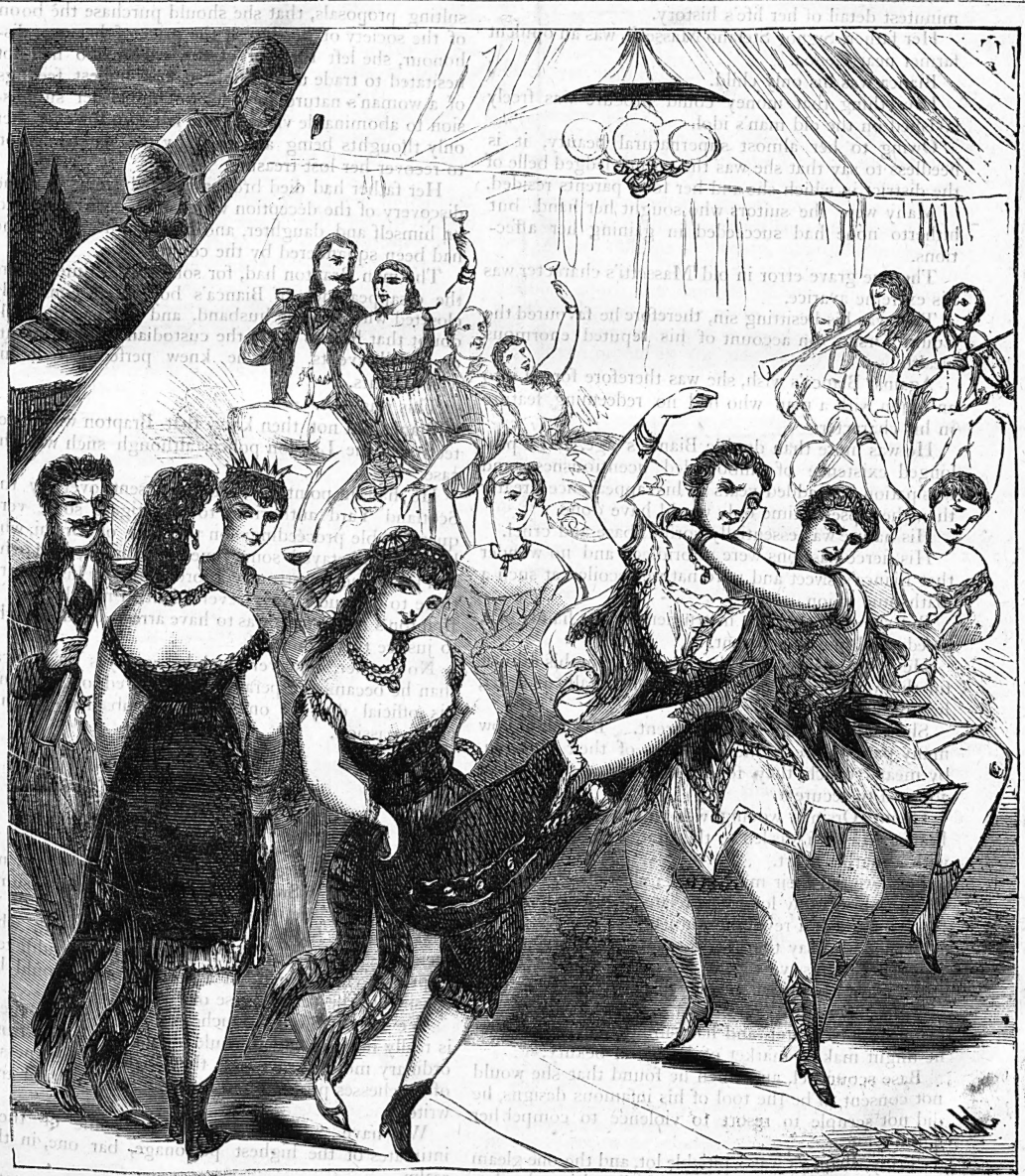
LONDON LIFE.

No. 4. LONDON, JUNE 14th, 1879. ONE PENNY.



A PRIVATE BALL IN WESTBOURNE PARK.

THE FASCINATING FOREIGNER OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

Chapter IV.

Morning dawned bright, glorious, and beautiful, but still our hero lingered with the object of his adoration.

From her own beautiful lips he heard the sad story of Bianca's life.

With kindling eyes he listened to the recital of her wasted existence.

Bianca had now no motive for concealing even the minutest detail of her life's history.

Her father, Signor Stefano Massetti, was an opulent farmer near Genoa.

Bianca was his only child.

Everything that money could procure was freely lavished on the old man's idol.

Owing to her almost supernatural beauty, it is needless to say that she was the acknowledged belle of the district in which she and her fond parents resided.

Many were the suitors who sought her hand, but hitherto none had succeeded in gaining her affections.

The one grave error in old Massetti's character was his extreme avarice.

This was his besitting sin, therefore he favoured the Count Orsini, on account of his reputed enormous wealth.

Against Bianca's wish, she was therefore forced into an union with a man who had no redeeming feature in his character.

He was more than double Bianca's age, and a prolonged existence of unbounded licentiousness and dissipation had added years to his appearance greater than the lapse of time only would have done.

His nature was essentially sordid, base and cruel.

His fierce passions were unbridled, and no wonder that Bianca's sweet and pure nature recoiled at such a loathsome union.

But she was a passive instrument in the hands of a greedy and grasping parent.

He doubtless thought that he was doing his utmost for the welfare of the daughter whom, really at heart, he loved devotedly.

Shortsighted and foolish parent. But, alas, how many parents wreck the happiness of their children, by means which they fondly imagine are the most adopted to secure it.

Count Orsini's wooing was but a brief one, and Bianca Massetti was led to the altar, an unwilling bride with a marble heart.

Need we tell their married life; all its wretched history would occupy longer to relate than we have space to give to such a revolting subject.

Suffice it to say that he was a brutal husband, she a patient submissive wife.

To add to her grief she now discovered that instead of being a wealthy nobleman, he was a needy and penniless adventurer, and had simply married her that he might make a market of her great beauty.

Base scoundrel, and when he found that she would not consent to be the tool of his infamous designs, he did not scruple to resort to violence to compel her submission.

Truly, Bianca's was a pitiable lot, and the one gleam of sunshine which temporarily irradiated her desolate path, on the birth of her little boy, was made the means of rendering life darker and hopeless than ever.

Orsini soon discovered the hold which Bianca's affection for her offspring gave him over her, would enable him the more easily to carry out his nefarious projects.

When she still refused to consent to his wicked will, and accept a life of gilded shame and splendid infamy, he first threatened, and ultimately proceeded, to deprive her of the only solace that was now left her.

This was the last drop in her cup of misery, which was now full to overflowing,

He had, however, overshot his mark.

The fierce instincts of maternal affection changed the weak woman into the tigress.

After a stormy altercation, in which her prayers for the restoration of her child were met with fresh insulting proposals, that she should purchase the boon of the society of her boy at the price of her own dishonour, she left the roof of the villian who had not hesitated to trade upon the best and holiest feelings of a woman's nature, in order to compel her submission to abominable views. She left him for ever, her only thoughts being absorbed by the determination to recover her lost treasure.

Her father had died broken-hearted soon after the discovery of the deception which had been practised on himself and daughter, and his daughter's fortune had been squandered by the count.

The man Brapton had, for some little time before the disappearance of Bianca's boy, been constantly closeted with her vile husband, and she had but little doubt that he was really the custodian of her infant, or, at all events, that he knew perfectly well his whereabouts.

This was true.

Bianca did not then know that Brapton was a detective in the London police, although such was the case.

He had, in point of fact, been sent over by the Scotland Yard authorities to investigate some very questionable proceedings on the part of Orsini, who had recently stayed some time in London, and who had taken the opportunity afforded him by his sojourn there to defraud largely several British merchants. Brapton's real errand was to have arrested and brought to justice this scoundrel.

No sooner, however, had he set eyes on Bianca, than he became desperately enamoured of her, and his official duty at once became subsidiary to his guilty passion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SWELL WOMEN.

The genus "Swell" I don't like. There are no such things as "Swells." The people who assume to be "Swells," are invariably counterfeits.

We have "Swells" in the religious world, who eventually turn out to be Bank Directors, or addicted to private vices, which, in a costermonger, would be considered the very reverse of "swell."

We have "Swell" Duchesses, about whom there is really nothing which would distinguish them from ordinary mortals, save that they share the weaknesses of Duchesses pro. tem., in not being able to read and write.

We have "Swell" Noblemen, some of them intimates of the highest personage, bar one, in the realm.

And, if we care to credit the extraordinary statement of the *D. T.* of June 5th, that all the sons of English Dukes take the title of Marquis, and that the younger sons have merely to prefix their christian

names, we suppose that one of these would be *Marquis* Douglas.

He is an officer and a gentleman, a member of parliament, and so became the friend of the Prince who takes his title from the *Welsh* principality, and as one who had a commital order issued against him by Judge Francis Bayly, at St. Martin's Lane, for a paltry hosier's account, and as one who is the reputed owner of a horse that was first favourite for the Derby, although he knew him to be a *dead un*, is undeniably a *Welsher*.

We have "Swells" of all sorts, high and low, and they are all impostors.

But of all the "Swell" impostors, from whom let us pray to be protected, there is no "Swell" so great an impostor, so tremendous a liar, not even excepting the Duchesses, as the "Swell Woman."

They are all curate's daughters, or nearly all; I have seen one or two who were daughters of officers killed in the Crimea or the Indian Mutiny.

Why is it, that when they go into the Church, they never can get above the rank of a subaltern?

Who ever heard of a "Swell Woman" who was the daughter of a dean, or even a rector?

They must have been the daughters of curates, whose parochial duties pressed very heavily indeed upon them, and left them no time to give their progeny the somewhat elementary education, which a knowledge of reading and writing is supposed to convey. Perhaps their fond fathers may have thought that by so doing they would disqualify them from becoming duchesses.

It will ever remain a mystery, unfathomable to me, where on earth, or anywhere else, those extraordinary women spring from who play the piano and write the letters for the "swell women."

They are all alike, at all events, in their enormous capacity for consumption of "white satin," and it was rather awkward when Annie Bridgeman went to Hopkinson's, with the kid she chose to call her neice, to select a new piano, that when she fixed on one that had a couple of brass branches for the candles in lieu of the old fashioned ledge, that her little companion should remonstrate with her, saying, "but, auntie, there's no place to put the gin on."

But Annie wasn't often bowled out like this, she learnt her lesson pretty thoroughly, she commenced it in a skittle alley at Liverpool.

And when she did learn it she learnt it most thoroughly.

She's not quite so young as she used to be in the year eighteen hundred and sixty three, but age cannot wither nor custom change her infinite variety.

"Cora Pearl," in her best days, was a fool to her, but "Cora Pearl," who, by the way, commenced business in Norton Street, some thirty years ago, had not the advantage of Roland Gideon as a preceptor.

It was Roland who brought to Annie the young sprig of nobility from his tutor's near *Maidenhead*, of all places in the world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WALKS ABROAD, ON MONKEY'S PARADE,

The Rotten Row of the East.

When a youth arrives at a certain age, and signs of manhood begin to make their appearance in the overgrown boy, he commences making alterations in his person with an idea of improving himself by adding to his general habits, the manners he perceives in other persons of his own sex, but many years his senior. Amongst these doings in which the youth of the present day tries to imitate his elders in, are drinking, smoking, frequenting music-halls, free and easy concerts, &c., and having arrived at this degree successfully, the youngster, beginning to feel his feet, commences flying his kite higher than ever by flirting or taking his walks abroad.

Then comes to the mind of the young beginner of this loose and gay recreation, which road shall he start with, with whom shall he spend his evenings?

To this question the answer is of course, the girls. Where is he to find the little charmers; he is only in a fair position, earning a decent salary; he does not move in society, so where is the lady fair to come from. He can recollect the old maxim, "faint heart never won fair lady." What is to be done? At last he resolves to cast his net in the best waters he can find, and catch the best fish he can get to bite. The selection of the whereabouts of his first throw out is a matter of second consideration.

Now, dear reader, if you will kindly allow me to place you in the right position, I will endeavour to show you the further doings of the "young man of the present age."

The locality is in the East End of London, the scene is opposite Whitechapel Church, and the time is Sunday evening; the "pubs" have just opened their doors to admit the thirsty population of the east, the pavement is thronged with lads and lasses, varying in age from thirteen to twenty, all attired in the most attractive dresses of gaudy colour, gay bows and feathers adorn the damsels of this popular Sunday promenade, and in the midst of this throng we still see our young man, who is sauntering along with his eyes fixed upon all the passers by, but is of the opinion that the girls of this quarter are of too "rorty" a kind for my gentleman; he desires to make the acquaintance of some more refined young lady than he has yet seen while strolling through this densely crowded thoroughfare. With persevering mind he walks along the Mile End Road, passing many gangs of ranting preachers, refreshment saloons (ice cream shops), and street sellers of eatables, all of whom seem to be doing a brisk trade. Presently he met a flower girl with some very pretty bouquets for personal decoration; he purchases a rose from her, which he places in his buttonhole, making another attraction to his own personal appearance. Having walked a good distance down the road he is not long before he arrives at the Grove Road. At this point commences the fashionable promenade known to "eastenders" as "Monkey's Parade, or "Chickabiddy's Walk," here he meets a number of young swells evidently on the same errand as himself. Three young gents seem to be of a more aristocratic class than that he has seen in his tour from Aldgate Pump to Bow Road Station, and they are all equally matched by the fair sex, our young man is still alone and thinks all the girls are engaged, but turning round suddenly to make his way back he came in collision with a fair beauty of whom he had been long in search of, he very politely begged her pardon, she granted it; they both smiled, he raised his hat, and the young lady caught sight of the flower in the buttonhole of this gay young spark, she caught hold of it also, and it was immediately placed in her bosom. Before many more words passed this young couple were linked arm-in-arm and flirting together on "Monkey's Parade."

We call attention to an advertisement in another column, wherein a lady appeals for assistance to enable her to substantiate her claim to a very large amount of property in the City of London), and its environs. We have made enquiry into the merits of this lady's care, and we believe that her claims are well founded. She has received a communication from Baroness Burdett Coutts, expressing her sympathy with her, but stating that she has been advised that it would not be desirable for her to contribute towards the expenses which would be incurred before the claim can be substantiated. We hope she will be more fortunate elsewhere.

Hi! Hi! My masters, walk up, and open your optics, and to show there's no delusion read this case of High Jinks, from the D.T. Is truth stranger than fiction? How often doth the revelations of police-courts in this glorious city, this great metropolis, this London, bring to light scenes and circumstances which appear to eclipse the fantasies of the most glowing imagination, and yet such is the fact that truth when published so far exceeds fancy that the fool stands aghast at the following:

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS AT A BALL.

At the Marylebone Police-court, Hannah Mawby and Edward Gadsden, both living at 84, Westbourne Park-villas, were summond for being daunk and disorderly in the thoroughfare at 6.15 a.m. on May 24. Mawby was further summoned for assaulting and beating Inspector Daniel Morgan, of the X division, at the same time and place.

Inspector Morgan stated that, in consequence of having received a letter giving him imformation that a ball of a certain character would take place at 84, Westbourne Park-villas, he and other officers went there and observed what was going on in a marquee, they looking through a hole in it. There were about fifty persons present, about fifteen of them being young men, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three or twenty-four, dressed in female attire. There were also a number of women present, and their conduct towards the young men was disgraceful. The young men were fondling and kissing each other. Both the defendants were present, the female being the promoter of the affair.

Detective Sergeant Crane and Detective Hare, both of the X division, gave corroborative evidence.

The defendant Mawby remarked that the officers had made a hole in the marquee, for which he would have to pay.

Inspector Morgan replied that there was a small hole in the gauze in the marquee, and he admitted making it a little larger to enable him to look inside. He was on the ground of a gentleman living in an adjoining house.

Mawby said she did not commit the assault. She was ill at the time, and she had a doctor's certificate.

Inspector Morgan observed that she was dancing the whole night.

The female defendant said it was a simple little party which she had given. She denied that there were young men present dressed in female attire.

The Inspector said he had a witness as to this; but

Mr. Cooke remarked that he had not to go into the question of the character of the house; it savoured much as if it was a disorderly place. That might be the subject of future proceedings. The evidence was conclusive of the offences mentioned in the summonses, and he should fine each of the defendants 40s. and 2s. costs, or one month's imprisonment, for being drunk and disorderly; and Mawby would be fined 1d. and 2s. costs for the assault.

* * *

It appears one of the most notorious members of the frail sisterhood, who hails from Pimlico, sent her pony carriage down to Epsom by rail to avoid the chance of injury, but on driving back on the Derby night, the trap was almost knocked to pieces, owing, possibly, to reckless driving, caused by the exhilirating effect of copious draughts of champagne. Even the pouring rain was not enough to damp her ardour.

The usual uproar on the return from the Derby was, to a great extent, lessened by the heavy losses sustained by the backers of the favourites, whose melancholy aspect plainly told their fate, in fact, what with the weather and severe losses, the return seemed more like a funeral procession than what is usually the liveliest night in the year.

A horse had a kind of fit just opposite the Tooting Fire Brigade Station, into which it burst, breaking a form, and severing the telegraphic communication with Clapham. It is believed the fit was occasioned by overwork, but of course none of the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were to be found.

* * *

Since H.R.H. the Prince of Wales some years ago received a rather warm reception at Merton, on his road to the Derby, he has avoided a similar reception by going down by rail, instead of by road, as was his custom previous to that incident.

* * *

So at last the right man has been sent to the right place, but not until some of our bravest soldiers have lost their lives owing to the general's incompetence which was quite of a "general" nature.

* * *

There is every reason to believe and hope that Sir Garnet Wolseley will terminate in a short time this, to say the least, ill judged war.

* * *

In the course of human nature our Hebrew Premier is hardly destined to see the result of his bombastic and flashy policy, the evils of which he will leave as a legacy to another Liberal Government, which is likely, ere long, to repudiate the tinsel of "Imperial Charlatanism."

* * *

The return from the Oaks was as gay and festive as that from the Derby was sad and gloomy, the elements themselves wept over the favourite's defeat on the Derby, and smiled on Wheel of Fortune's victory.

* * *

The gilded youth of our day unfortunately lack the intelligence and wit so conspicuous amongst the dandies of the last decade. The shades of D'Orsay and Alvomley must groan o'er the degenerate and empty-headed bearers of the Crutch and Toothpick School.

* * *

Lunacy Laws.—Serious charges by a magistrate against two Commissioners in Lunacy, viz., the Hon. Greville Howard and Mr. John D. Clenton.

* * *

Such is the heading of a card sent us, and published by a lady, yes, a Lady Louisa Lowe, of 42, Gower Street, W.C.

* * *

That the sort of courage I like to see, and as there appears to be some truth in the charge brought against the two men. I only hope the lady will by her boldness bring *them* down very low indeed.

* * *

There is a young widow, I beg pardon, a lady separated from her husband, who frequents the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, about 10 o'clock every evening, and who is beloved by a celebrated comic singer. The said singer often drives the lady to her home in a cab, but still oftener she accompanies other gentlemen, not singers, to a certain restaurant in Oxford Street.

* * *

The Excelsior Minstrels gave an entertainment at the Grecian Assembly Rooms on Thursday last. Several songs were well rendered, but the music was weak owing to want of parts, consequently the band laboured with difficulty under the circumstances. Great credit is due to Mr. Mark Soldene, the leader.

* * *

A Word to the Wise.—The correspondent who took such infinite trouble to go through our pages

line for line is thanked by Jester, who would remind him that man is not perfect, and even worms will turn, and impure minds can't put up with the lines from our *very grammatical* correspondent, who evidently knows all about Whitechapel. He writes me as follows:

* * *

Don't borrow other people's jokes, especially when they *is* well known,—(I am going to have this framed).

* * *

But I don't bear malice, and being simple will simply say let our critic come to our office for a few hours daily, and give one gratis lesson in composition and I will in return show him the right way to use the gloves, and if it don't amuse him it will be at all events great fun for

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

The raid on the music-halls on next licensing day will I hear be pretty stiff. I must own that some modern songs are warm, such as "I have lost my key," &c., but I do not think Mr. Harry Cavendish, at the Royal, has found a perfectly pure vein of humour in raking up that peculiarly indecent, albeit ancient song, known as "Bathing," "My Key," was certainly suggestive, but "Bathing" carries a rather immodest story too palpably through its innumerable verses. We wish Mr. Sweasey and all other music-hall proprietors so well that we warn them to purify their stages to the utmost, because there are a good many private policemen and detectives every evening taking notes.

* * *

Charles Norman and Madame Zara have been looking black every night at the Winchester. I don't mean they looked ill-tempered, quite the reverse, they looked black because nature had painted them that colour. They sang remarkably well, and these two members of the Uncle Tom fraternity will doubtless make their mark on the music-hall boards.

* * *

It is very funny to see the great Henri Clarke at the Oxford in the character of "Sandwich Jo." He passes a pleasant five minutes in advertising Jolly Nash, to the tune of somebody's Song, once known as Billy Johnson's Ball, or if not that sublime piece of melody, something very much like it.

* * *

"Dæmonia," the red hot ballet at the Oxford, is a worthy successor of the eccentric Jennings' other successful productions. There is a strong family likeness about them all, and, whereas, the others have been brother ballets, the present one is not further removed than a first cousin. The music might be the same as in Indianationality, for all my rather unacute ear told me, whilst the boys and gals are undoubtedly the same. It seems that as Jennings didn't secure the Wonderful Bull, he is trying to circumvent the Aquarium with a Horn-ymental ballet, as all his dramatis personæ bear horns on their heads.

* * *

Bessie Bonehill sings remarkably well in Dæmonia, but the Demon in a friar's dress, who duets with her, plays second fiddle, in fact it appeared to me that Bessie sang and her companion followed in an effort to swallow her notes "à les," sugar-coated pills.

* * *

There are four dancing statues in Dæmonia attired in what seems to me to be the new union suit of chemise and drawers, as advertised in the Fashion Books, and highly recommended by modistes to the nobility and gentry of the weaker sex. Only sly Jennings has made it full dress by adding wings.

* * *

Where is *Evans'* Music Hall. Most people would direct you to Covent Garden. I direct you to the Star at Bermondsey.

* * *

Mr. Charles Reade in "Drink," wished to warn his audience against the evils of intemperance. The management went further, and secured a Warner to play the leading part.

PARISIAN JOTTINGS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

It must be a dreadful thing to be married," said a young lady of the Parisian monde. I passed a quarter of an hour in the company of a gentleman last evening, and then I had already had too much of him.

* * *

A celebrated French writer explodes the following bit of morality:

Two ancient dames loquent.

"How gets on your daughter, who is in service in town?"

"Don't speak of her," said her mother, "she has taken up with a gendarme. But the worst of it is, she used to send me meat, sugar, coffee, linen, which she "nicked" from her people. Now she gives all to him, and leaves me in want."

"What a pity so good a daughter should have turned out so badly!"

* * *

Said a lady of society, to her friend at a ball the other evening, "Do you allow your spouse to flirt with other women and leave you neglected like this?"

"Oh!" replied the apparently deserted one. "He knows very well that I do not like *his* attentions before the gaze of the world."

* * *

A French journal records an extraordinary will made by a Marquis, recently deceased:

"I leave all my property to my dog Dahlia, who has been my only true and faithful companion. In humanity there is nothing to compare with him, morally or physically. My parents were avaricious, those whom I loved proved false, those whom I befriended were ungrateful. Of all the creatures around me, the only one in whom I observed any good qualities was my dog, and I bequeath my fortune of 15,000 livres, that he may end his days, in the enjoyment of every luxury, in the Dogs' Home, where he will find congenial society."

* * *

A distinguished Russian, seated in a trap, was driving rapidly one night through the neighborhood of the Parc de Monceau, In the darkness he ran foul of a post, and the vehicle, frail a nutshell, was broken into splinters.

A cab followed in his wake; the driver did not deign to stop, and ran over the prostrate body of the horse. Imagine the rage of the Russ!

"Why did you not stop?" demanded he, "when you saw my horse on the ground,"

"Sir," replied Cocher, "I am very sorry, but it is so dark, I did see that it was a horse. I thought it was a man.

LADIES' MAIDS AND THEIR SECRETS.

Ladies' maids play a far more important part in life than most persons suppose or believe. Byron truly said, "no man is a hero to his own valet," and few ladies, if any, are paragons of morality and conjugal fidelity in the opinion of their own maids.

Many and many a fair name which has hitherto stood peerless amongst the highest in the land, and against whose fair name not even a breath of suspicion has been heard, would be utterly ruined if some observations of their maids were brought to light, but in the majority of cases their silence being well paid for, they deem it best to keep their secret, but sometimes long from continued ill treatment on the part of their mistress, they have been known to prefer revenge even to a liberal supply of hush money. For in the Mordaunt Divorce Case the revelations of the maid were of such a nature that they were hardly fit for publication, and it is highly probable that a good many of them never appeared in print at all.

Ladies' maids, as a class, are generally the daughters of small tradesmen, gamekeepers, lodging-house keepers, and the upper class of servants who desire some "genteel" occupation for their girls, and with that view first apprentice them to a dressmaker, as a knowledge of that art greatly enhances their value. In most large divorce cases the evidence of the lady's maid is usually amongst the most important, for as soon as the final denouement has come to pass she will then disclose fully her knowledge of her fair mistress's frailties.

The ladies' maid's perquisites are in many cases sufficient to enable them, after a few years, to set up in the dressmaking or some other lucrative business, or marry his lordship's valet, and with their combined "savings" set up in the public line.

An incalculable amount of misery is often the result of the mischief-making propensities of some maids, who have in countless instances been the means of causing distrust and even hatred between their master and mistress. Lord Byron even condescended to write those scathing verses, "Born in a kitchen, in a garret bred," cut to the very soul by the misery his wife's words had caused by her vile representations.

Although people are apt bitterly to complain of the duplicity of ladies' maids, yet they are prone to forget that in many cases they become as it were more or less influenced by the example of their betters.

The real experiences of many a fashionable ladies' maid are such that they would not be fit for publication, but as long as they keep their secrets to themselves so long does all go well for the crime in modern society is being found out in a fauxpas.

In the famous jewel robberies which baffled the police it is more than likely that the maids could reveal had it suited them to do so, the clue to such mysteries.

A clever detective who is desirous of getting up divorce evidence, well knows that it is advisable, if possible, to "get at," as it is termed, the maid of the lady suspected, for she it is as a rule who knows all about the movements of her mistress, and is frequently herself the principal medium in an intrigue. Few women have more to put up with, as upon them is always vented ill humour the result of bad health or disappointment, but they will never answer or have anything like sensitive feelings, no matter how much abuse they are subjected to.

But in cases where one finds insolent maids it is not difficult to understand that they presume upon some guilty secret, the possession of which gives them a hidden power over their mistress which she dares not resent. It is the confidential maid who knows where the new diamond bracelet comes from, or who paid the milliner's bill, which master must not see, or know anything about. As long as it suits her purpose she is discreet, but at all times she has her price, and has been known to turn queen's evidence, when it was made worth her while to do so, and reveal her secret to the highest bidder; such is what is only to be expected from the modern lady's maid.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN?

The First Dragoon Guards left this country a short time ago, let us charitably suppose, for the country's good. But when they left the country they also left behind them a very unsavoury reputation.

It would be idle to recount the story of the latest disgraceful scandal, which was considered even by H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, grave enough to call for official reproof, when he inspected that regiment previous to its departure.

But these young "officers and gentlemen" have left behind them something more than a bad character. They have left behind them a tradition.

Most of them received their military education at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and there it seems to be that the "*evil* which men do lives after them," and the cadets at that establishment seem anxious to rival their predecessors of the "*King's* Dragoon Guards" in their beastly practical jokes.

The son of the late King Theodore of Abysinnia is at present numbered amongst the students at this delightful seminary, wherein we are supposed to find sweetness and light, high culture and gentlemanly forbearance from injuring the feelings of those with whom they may be temporarily associating, *especially* when they are called upon to exercise whatever of the *gentleman* there is in them towards the son of a man who was the defeated enemy of their country.

Now, what did these young *gentlemen,* save the mark, and embryo-officers do? They more than rivalled their seniors of the King's Dragoon Guards. The *Black*guards holding her Majesty's commission confined their outrages to one of their own nation, although that one was a woman, but their successors at Sandhurst have improved upon their procedure, and have directed their energies to insulting and outraging one who might be considered peculiarly fitted to claim their indulgent kindness.

They made this poor black youngster beastly drunk, they then stripped him stark naked, flung him on to his bed, and these "officers and gentlemen" deliberately proceeded to whitewash him in a certain part of his body, which is impossible to mention.

On the young *savage's* awakening to the consciousness of the disgrace that had been inflicted upon him by his *civilised* companions, he had pluck enough to proceed at once to the governor of the college, and gave him ocular demonstration of what had happened, and what did the governor do? He placed under arrest all those cadets who had been in the boy's company the previous evening, and on their pledging their honour that they were in no way concerned in the disgraceful business, he at once released them.

Who did it?

No doubt this young dusky prince will in due time complete his education, and at last be introduced to "Shylock's Scavenger," in St. James's Street, of whom we have heard before, who, after he has shorn him of all the wool he has got,

and plucked him of every feather he has to fly with, will *whitewash* him all over.

THE LADIES' MILE.

As there is no journal or newspaper extant of such an high aristocratic order as *London Life*, we feel sure that we need not, 'pon our honour, offer any apology for leaving for the nonce those meritorious scenes of city life we condescend to favour with our notice, and resume our legitimate position once again as gentlemen of fashion, and ere the season is over, join our own select circle of society on the breezy downs of Rotten Row.

Observe us, therefore, mount our own proper steed at our own office door, with our attendants clustering round, each contending for the privilege of giving us a leg up; note the easy grace with which we sit our polished saddle, and see now gallantly we career along towards the park, ambling, ambling, ambling, in the tip-top style of accomplished horsemanship.

At a glance you may easily perceive that we belong to the upper ten, and, by following us to the rendezvous of rank, confirm your impression of our great importance.

Upon reaching the course, which is situated at the south end of Hyde Park, near the gates facing the Duke of Wellington's statue, beautifully exhilerated by our preliminary canter, we at once enter upon the business of the day, by digging our charger in the guts (we beg pardon, stomach) with our left heel, which causes him to swerve aside in lovely style, and then we repeated the action with our right, and away we go the whole round, caracoling up and down, right and left, wheel, in the delightful undulation of motion which custom prescribes the correct thing for the row.

We, by reason of our gentle lineage, know the proper course to pursue amongst the calvacades of the elite, and protest, that among the distinguished collection of equestrians, none can do a constitutional with more lordly grace or supercilious air of high breeding than ourselves.

Etiquette par excellence must be observed here, for at this rendezvous gather the polite of society for daily exercise, to see, and be seen, and shake their noble steeds inside-out by going up and down, up and down, like toy soldiers on rocking horses.

Now, it has been observed by other fashionable journals that Rotten Row is classic ground, sacred to the pastime of rank and beauty, and we, as the leaders of polite literature, do not dispute our contemporaries conclusions, for nobody can deny that the associations of this delectable sport are rank indeed, and as for beauty, we have only to glance along the string of carriages which line the drive, and coyly watch the pretty evolutions of the fair riders in the row, to feel that we are surrounded by a galaxy of loveliness, so bewitching that we cannot keep our eyes off the adorable display of matchless perfection.

Goodness! What angelic faces! What swelling busts! What symmetrical forms are here "on view to be knocked down to the highest bidder! What a rare collection of nature and art to be disposed of.

Here indeed, is a mart when the most charming grace is sorted out for general inspection, and to be sold, oh, Venus! at the best valuation. The show is surely irresistible, and every gallant who has the means must certainly be prepared to make a bid for the possession of one charmer out of the beautiful variety. But are they warranted? Ah, there's the rub! Or are they only got up for sale? Oh, perfidious scepticism. These fair dames are nobly born, bred in culture, reared in fashion, and possess an undoubted pedigree. Cupid himself, the rude young rascal, would not disdain to sight them for his marks.

Then who can doubt them genuine. Why, it is impossible, and cynical indeed must be that mind that disdains to own the exquisite blending of light and shade in each expressive countenance.

Then how comes it that they are daily "put up," and almost invariably "bought in?" Is rapture foreign to the noble heart, or does the blood run more coldly through patrician veins, than it flows through plebeian arteries? Surely, if sensibility exists, there is feminine voluptuousness enough here to excite desire, and transport the soul with ecstatic passion. By the blood of Maribel it bewilders us to see magnificent offers like these presented to all who are eligible, and so few ready to seize them. For shame, gentlemen, for shame, to let such paragons pine unmated until they get too stale for the matrimonial market.

But let us turn from those dazzling matches, who are trotted up and down the course by their mas' and pas' like young fillies at Tattersall's, to view other scenes of absorbing interest. Who can that heavy swell lady be across the park there, who dashes round the bend, driving a spanking pair of "tits," and who treats with supreme indifference the frigid disregards of all the mas', wives, and daughters of the "ton."

She is evidently not one of their "set," and, to judge from outward appearance, don't care a fig about becoming one. She is a singularly handsome woman, showy and stylish, possessing a regal air, and lofty assurance, and tools her ponies through the maze of carriages which now whirl through the park with the consummate ease of an accomplished whip. She is not a court lady, that is certain, else she would be acknowledged by the beau monde; but that she is a courted lady is very patent, for as she dashes up the drive and pulls up her "tits" in high style to speak to some gentleman in the Row, a coterie immediately gallop up to the enclosure and pay their respects to the fair one with marked deference and in choice phrases.

Her presence at once thaws all constraint, and the group laugh, chat and chaff as merrily as schoolboys enjoying a holiday, and when at last she "tunes" up her ponies, and dashes off to meet some more poor swells like an meretricious star, they skirr off in high glee, like chimney sweeps in a donkey race.

This lady is not a princess nor a duchess, but to speak in polite phraseology a "mistress," who, being fettered by no conventional rules, goes in for spooning with any "big pot," who has tin enough to do the grand up to her mark,

That group yonder who are galloping towards Apsley House, as if the very devil, or the Zulus, were at their heels, are the Duke of ———, and Lord ———, and the Right Honourable ———. What the deuce are they riding helter-skelter for, like drunken grooms out for a spree? Why, don't you see, it is a petticoat race, and these distinguished representatives of an hereditary peerage are vieing to reach first the ladies on the rise.

Who are these ladies? Not maids, widows, or wives, but kept women, who drink champagne by the dozen rap out oaths by the score, punch their admirers' heads if they are cheeky, and keep their fancy men with the amorous grants they receive for their (Oh crikey!) fidelity to their supporters. Thus the world jogs on, and Rotten Row leads the fashion, even in immoral gallantry.

The Emperor of Russia is trying to raise the wind. Look out for squalls.

* * *

STARTLING NEWS.—A frantic fellow rushed into our office to-morrow, shouting aloud "News! News! Our publisher, a good tempered fellow, beseeched him to be calm, and ease himself of his burthen, whereupon the excited informant put his hand to the side of his mouth, leaned tremulously over the counter, and utterred in thrilling tones, "Impending breach of promise case, Victoria v. Beaconsfield!" Here he was stopped by the entry of a tall, official looking personage, who tapped him on the shoulder, jerked his thumb to the door, walked him off, and subsequently informed our dispenser of *London Life* that he had escaped from a "ruined home," suffering from D.T.

* * *

Beaky will shortly retire, at the wish of our Sovereign Lady. Happy be his dreams.

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COURT NEWS.—Important to the nation.—The Queen will walk out one day next week, unless she rides or stops at home. The Prince of Wales may snore to-morrow night.

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CAUTION TO FARMERS. — Two hundred special correspondents will shortly leave London, in search of a locality for a cock and hen fight.

* * *

Since Sir Garnet Wolesley left London Lord Chelmsford has been affectionately enquiring for his mother.

* * *

It is whispered in high circles that the Duke of Cambridge will follow Sir Garnet Wolesley, to open an umbrella store in Zululand, as he well knows the injurious effects of being constantly "in the sun."

* * *

Ten bob bounty! The Prince Imperial offers this reward to any enterprising Zulu, who will come up quietly to be shot at.

* * *

Do you Brown to it? John will be bonneted when he returns to Scotland.

* * *

March of civilization in South Africa; Cetywayo is about to raffle three great guns at Natal. Tickets to be obtained at the Horse Guards. All purchasers are at liberty to go to Natal when the affair comes off.

The Eastern Question again. Serious disturbances are apprehended in Constantinople, owing to the prohibitory duties on women. Harems to let.

* * *

After which old Cety. will send one hundred of his fancy girls to sell *London Life*; and will shortly follow them to the metropolis to open a school of strategy.

* * *

Hard times. Owing to the success of the French Republic, the Crowned Heads of Europe are devising a grand scheme to establish an International Society for the Destitute. Now, stage managers, if this project fails, here will be a glorious chance for supernumeraries.

* * *

Rumour says that sleeping compartments are about to be fitted up in the House of Commons. Quite time too, as it is pitiable to see poor old women dozing on the hard cross benches.

* * *

Byron *v.* Byron. Who is the greatest? Lord, or Henry J.? Ask "Our Boys."

* * *

Does the Lord Chamberlain examine new plays a-bed? We are very anxious to have this problem solved, as we cannot conceive how he can pass some under any other condition.

* * *

Wake up Gladstone, and stir the heart of Midlothian.

* * *

Impending strike in the petticoat trade. The charity girls of Ireland intend turning out in a body unless they have "Home Rule." Come to London, my dears, and you'll get it.

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